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THE DEMON ALCOHOL!

THE GREAT DEMORALIZER.

A Sermon preached Dec. 2nd, 1888, in the First Baptist Church, Yarmouth, N. S.,
by HENRY FRANCIS ADAMS.

Daniel, 5, 1 and 30. "Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand. In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans slain."

In the character and conduct of this man Belshazzar, is brought before us an aspect of the liquor traffic, that is so wide in extent that it touches every phase of civilized life, from the Queen on the throne down to the poor wretch who murdered a helpless cripple in Halifax last week. But not only in the lands of civilization. It also penetrates the darkest regions of heathenism, turns the once healthy Indian into a full fledged drunkard, and leaves him a wreck both in body and soul.

This drunken king, and later on this dead king, presents to us this proposition. "What is the liquor traffic's relation to man's MORALS?" What is meant by morals? Let us be clear at the outset, and define so simply, that we shall not be misunderstood. By the word moral, we mean the quality or character of a man's actions. It is by what a man does with his tongue and hand, that we call him a man who has good morals or bad morals. When we speak of God's moral laws, we mean those laws which He has expressed by words, the divine purity and origin of which have been proven by divine actions. These laws were given for the guidance of men. Moral, means, manner, or way, and these laws are given to us that we may so act that our actions shall be morally good, that the manner or character of our doings by tongue and hand, shall have the approval of the Moral Governor of the Universe. In Eccles. 7. 29 we read that "God hath made man UPRIGHT; but they have sought out many inventions." The uprightness of that passage refers to man's moral nature. That is to say, that when God made man, he made him morally erect; there was no stoop, or sin in him, but his soul was morally upright. When we speak of the "Fall of man," we mean that in disobeying his Creator, his moral erectness or rectitude was lost, that after his sin and because of his sin, his tendency was morally bad. The earliest proof of this was the murder of Abel by his brother, and later on this moral evil reached its climax, when "God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." And He swept all away but eight souls. Even then God did not sweep away the moral badness of man imported into his nature at the fall, for it soon burst forth anew from the very man who had been the saviour of the race, when his sons found him drunk in his tent. If we say that a man's outward conduct is morally good or morally bad, what is the cause of the action that gets the man labelled so? You must admit that a man is not an automaton, but that he is a free agent, and will act according to his own free choice. Then if a man does an evil thing understandingly, he intended to do evil before he did it. And his inward heart must have had an evil motive, which in character corresponded to the outward action.

Now the great question before us to-night is, does intoxicating liquor influence men to do right or wrong? Does it exercise any power inwardly, that affects a man's conduct outwardly? Does it help to make a man morally good or morally bad? Let us look at the man in the text. What was the relation between the wine cup and his morals? Did the liquor which he drank inwardly so influence him, that outwardly he acted more nobly, more wisely, and more kindly? When the liquor was not in him how did he act? When sober he ruled like a king. When drunk, he committed an act, which was a great insult to the God of heaven. His father Nebuchadnezzar brought from the Holy Temple at Jerusalem the golden vessels which were used by the priests in the services of the Sanctuary. Nebuchadnezzar had too much reverence for the holy vessels to use them for anything, and kept them carefully guarded in his treasure house. Yes, and so did his son when he was sober. But there came an hour when Belshazzar sat down in the banqueting house, surrounded by a thousand of his lords, each arrayed in court robes bejewelled and costly. The tables groaned beneath the weight of the superbly prepared viands, and the silver tankards glistened, and the golden bowls dazzled as they reflected the brilliant lights of the Candelabra. By the liveried servants, the

ruby liquor was poured from the vessels into the cups, then lifted to the lips of king and courtiers, then of its own free will it crept upward and brainward, till it made the king jolly and jocular. Half drunken men generally like to have some fun, and in this state of rollicking frenzy the king thought it would be great fun to bring those Jerusalem vessels, and drink out of them, and praise his idols. And in a fatal moment he gave the order to bring those vessels of gold onto the banquet table. With trembling hands the servants place them before the king, and then filled them with the fire-water; then the jolly king lifted them to his lips and quaffed the mocking wine. He handed them to his princes, and wives, and his concubines, and all drank the health of his gods. That action was a great sacrilege; it was morally a bad deed for it was sinning against the God of heaven, thus to prostitute what He had sanctified, to the low purposes of the debauching banqueters. When Belshazzar was sober he would never have thought of using those sacred vessels for such a purpose. With a brain free from the blighting power of strong drink, he would no more have thought of drinking out of those consecrated cups, than of cutting off his right hand. While the carousing monarch was having some "fun" in making a breach in the moral law, the God of the moral law was preparing to execute the penalty on the guilty king. Like a flash of lightning there "appeared the fingers of a man's hand and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace." "MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN." "God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it." "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." "Thy kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians." The king saw the hand that wrote: his countenance changed; and his thoughts troubled him; for he awoke from his drinking reverie to a sense of the awfulness of that God whom he had so basely insulted, but too late to avoid the doom he merited. Listen to the grand charge which the great Daniel brings against him while translating the mysterious writing. Referring to his father's exaltation and humiliation, he says to the offending king, "And thou, his son, O Belshazzar, hast not humbled thine heart, though thou knowest all this: but hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven, and they have brought the vessels of His House before thee, and thou and thy lords, thy wives, and thy concubines, have drunk wine in them; and thou hast praised the gods of silver, and gold, of brass, iron, wood, and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know: and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, HAST THOU NOT GLORIFIED." "IN THAT NIGHT WAS BELSHAZZAR THE KING OF THE CHALDEANS SLAIN."

Now, sirs, what is the relation between intoxicating liquor and man's morals? Is it not the same relation as that which exists between a fiend and an angel: between Christ and Belial: between Heaven and hell? Who murdered Belshazzar on that memorable night? Darius? NO. According to the reasoning of a common school boy, any one can see that strong drink did it. He was a great man, a mighty man, but the ruby wine laid him low. He was an intelligent man, surrounded by culture and refinement, but the mocking draught turned him into an idiot, and under the spell of its frenzy wrought an evil deed, that like the boomerang returned in destructive force on his own head. But say you, "He chose to drink the liquor, and therefore he was responsible for its effects on his brain and consequent death." I grant you the correctness of your argument. I never said that Belshazzar was not responsible for taking that which he knew would stupify him. I know that he who drinks liquor is a suicidist, while the alcohol is at the same time a murderer. Belshazzar's death was a joint work between his will and the wine. What I assert and have proved is this, that liquor so affects a man's brain, that mighty organ of thought, that under its muddling influence, he loses his reason and all control of his passions, and gives expression to words of the vilest character, conducts himself more like a devil than a man. What I assert and have proved is this, that when a man voluntarily becomes a slave to alcohol, that like a mighty tyrant it lowers the moral tone of his heart, forces his moral trend downwards, and so thoroughly DE-

MORALIZES him, as to move his tongue and hands to say and do what we all call IMMORAL.

Now I have proved my case we will illustrate it. In yonder city of Halifax is a motherless family. Never again will those dear children see their young mother's face unless it be for a moment at the Judgment Bar of God. Gaze for a moment on the countenance of a once fair girl in her coffin, and with tears streaming down your cheeks, lift up a prayer. O Almighty God, that no child of yours may drop into a drunkard's grave, as did poor Eliza Nixon. What an awful epitaph will be written on her past, "SHE DRANK HERSELF TO DEATH," so said the Yarmouth Times of Wednesday last. What is the relation between strong drink and the morals of Eliza Nixon? It robbed her of her womanhood; it crushed out all the noble instincts of a Mother; it withered and blighted, and blasted all the prospects of that little home, and hurled with pitiless tyranny those poor little darling children on to a cold cold world, to sink or swim in the struggle for existence.

There lies in a culprit's cell a man who had a brave British heart. Who ever fled from field of battle, he never. No danger withered up his courage, before no foe could his martial spirit cower. Like a great-heart he strode the field intent on victory to the British arms. But when well directed shot missed his heart, and the flashing sword could not succeed, a glass of liquor, overpowered his once heroic spirit and turned the British hero into a British devil. Beat his poor hard working wife, bruised his half-starved children, and wound up with the murder of Frank Norgaine. As you gaze upon that poor victim of strong drink in his cell, and outline with your mind's eye the scaffold from which he may swing, I ask you in the name of heaven what is the relation between intoxicating liquor and the morals of William Summers? Let the silent corpse of Frank Norgaine answer.

Come with me to Judge Hilton's office. In comes the Lawyer, Prosecutor, Witnesses, and the accused. Judge reads the charge which is that of unlawfully selling intoxicating liquor on or about such and such a date. "What have you to say?" asks the Judge of the accused, "Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" Defendant says "I gave some." "But," says the Judge, "Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" "NOT GUILTY" responds the charged. Then the Lawyer calls two witnesses who declare on oath that they obtained such and such quantities of liquor from this man. The case is proved most clearly, and the man's guilt established. Judge says, "You are fined fifty dollars, sir, or two months imprisonment." Watch now how he backs down from his plea of not guilty, and confesses that he will never sell another drop, and asks time to pay the fine in; pleads poverty, &c., &c. What is the relation between strong drink and the morals of the men who are thus fined? For the sake of selling a few bottles of liquor and escaping the penalty of the Law, they will compromise their conscience; and they will lie in the most bare-faced manner in the presence of Almighty God, who knoweth all things, and in the presence of several witnesses.

"Frequently you may see a number of our young men standing before a show case in one of our hotels, SHAKING DICE. If you watch long enough you may see them slip into the hall, then into a back room for a drink. Imagine one of our hotels encouraging DICE THROWING for cigars and liquor. The Proprietor always foremost in the sport. Again you will see one of 'the boys' go into the office and ask if Mr. So-and-so (some fictitious name) is in his room, wink at the proprietor and go up-stairs, the proprietor following. Shortly afterwards down comes the 'boy' and out he goes through the hall door. What with? Liquor, nothing else. Gambling is carried on nearly every night, in that same hotel until nearly day-break. Some of our finest young men are going to hell rapidly just THROUGH THIS COURSE, and I think it is about time that some one said something."

Men and women, fathers and mothers, I appeal to you and ask what is the relation between strong drink and that hotel-keeper's MORALS? Under the spell of the fire-water and its revenue, he has turned what ought to be a pleasant temporary home for travellers, into a gambling den. Snared by the money advantage connected with liquor, his morals have become so debased that he has made his office a gateway to hell. Under the fascination of this cruel monster rum, he has become so demoralized as to daringly break the laws of the country, that prohibit gambling. His inward sense of right in the sight of Almighty God, has become so callous by this iniquitous traffic, that he is regardless of how many parents hearts, and wives hearts are racked with agony, as they see their beloved sons and husbands going to ruin, whom his infernal DICE AND LIQUOR have damned. Fathers and mothers, men and women, in the light of the disgrace which to-day rests on that hotel, I ask you what is the relation between strong drink and man's morals? It is the same relation that exists between heaven and hell; between Christ and Belial.

On Sunday evening November the 11th, I preached a sermon to unconverted young men. In the course of my address, I stated that I understood that a back room in a vacant hotel was used for evil purposes. Some people have been anxious to prove that I made a misstatement. Allow me to inform you that statements made in this pulpit are not forged in the preacher's imagination. That very afternoon several men turned up an alley-way to the new resort, to the new nest they had, as they thought, so quietly built for themselves. They had their sport, but I presume some of them got tired of it before evening, perhaps lost their money, for while I was making the much wrangled and objected-to statement, TWO of those very men, who turned up the alley in the afternoon, were sitting in a pew in this church. But since that den was exposed on that evening, none of the old birds have returned to the new nest. The same result followed, as that which followed the exposure of the Milton fire hall set of gamblers. When men so-called respectable men, will desert their homes and their families on the only day when they can be at home more than any other, for a dirty room in an empty hotel; when they can drink and smoke and gamble on God's holy day; when they can trample under foot all that is dear and sacred, by setting their children such a wicked example, I ask in the name of Truth, "What is the relation between strong drink and morals?" The drink makes men SLY. Why did they not take a FRONT room, and like true men let others see from the street that they would not dare to do a thing of which they were ashamed? It is right to drink and gamble on the Lord's Day or any other, why not do it in a front room, where their wives and children could see the sport going on? WHY? I will tell you why. It is because strong drink takes the manhood out of men; degrades them morally; lowers their sense of fidelity to wife and children and God, and drives them into the dark holes of the town to do their tippling and tossing. IN SHORT IT DEMORALIZES MAN.

I fancy I hear some one say "now Mr. Adams, if those men had such a well appointed and furnished hall as the more town men have in another block where they could gamble, they would not resort to back rooms to do it." But that would not affect the point at issue. That would not alter the relation; between strong drink and morals one jot or tittle. Those who meet for evil purposes in a carpeted room and lounge in rocking chairs, experience the same effects morally, as those who meet in the back offices of their master's stores. The men who frequent a higher class of gambling halls are just as cruel to their wives, in choosing the company of a number of men in preference to hers, as those lower down. And they are as great a curse to the town morally, as the poor ragged RUNNERS, who emerge from the rum holes of water street. 'Tis true, the evil is more disguised by the upper class, for some of them go to church, have a business standing, and if THEY get drunk, their companions see them home safely in a carriage after dark; but if the poor man gets drunk, he is spread out on a truck, and hauled home in broad daylight. But the effects on the moral nature of both rich and poor are the same. Who has not seen men coming out of the main entrance of a block as we were returning home from Sunday School? What do men want in that building on the Lord's Day? Are they not content with six nights dissipation, without desecrating God's Sabbath? Surely they do not board and lodge in that billiard hall?

Now if you take the trouble you can find the same card-playing carried on in the back offices of some of our stores among a number of our young men. Imagine clerks taking their chums into their employer's office and gambling night after night. I suppose this is done without the employer's consent, but if he winks at it, he must be rather generous to afford them fire and gas till two and three in the morning. Now what kind of morals are those young men cultivating under the exciting influence of cards and liquor? What destinies are their lives going to influence for the great eternity? How are they going to fulfill the great mission of a human being? Now what is the relation between strong drink and the morals of our young men? Look at them. Study them and what do you see? Yea, I might almost say, "what do you smell?" You perceive a studied effort to conceal the EFFECTS of their dissipation, but to a practised eye, accustomed to read men it is clear that there are undisguisable evidences of their downward trend. One can see that their manhood is fast ebbing away; the eyes droop for an inward unquenchable sense of degradation, is stealing from them the once pure straight-outlooking glance. They are unstable, for dissipation is frittering away their old power of will. The blessed habit of nightly praying taught them in boy-hood days, is no longer observed. But creeping upstairs at mid-night in their stocking feet, they roll into bed like a poor degraded heathen, ashamed of themselves and cursing their lot. The relation between strong drink and the morals of our liquorous "boys," is the same as between heaven and hell, Christ and Belial.

Let me here utter a warning voice to parents who are in the habit of giving parties, and the awful danger to which they are exposing their daughters. I have two witnesses who will swear that they know of young men who go to parties, and take strong drink with them in their pockets, and who between the dances go out of the room, and coax girls to follow them, and get them to unite in emptying the contents of the bottle. "Where" say you, "did they get the liquor from?" Perhaps they coaxed a doctor to give them a bogus certificate for 15 cents, but more likely got it from one of the thirty nine persons in Yarmouth who are selling it on the sly in violation of the law of the country. Where did those two drunken boys get it from as they came up from the steamboat wharf the other Sabbath? I know where they got it from and I will tell you soon. Fathers and mothers, if you have any regard for the MORALS of your girls, you had better discontinue parties for a season, or one day you may meet your once fair daughter on Boston's street corners the first step to which, was taken at your last dancing party.

All through the past summer that steamship "Alpha" has been a veritable curse to this town. Three of its crew have been flooding the place with liquor on God's holy day, and only lately have we succeeded in convicting the boys, and fined each one fifty dollars and costs. I was present at the trial, and was amazed at the revelations of this iniquitous traffic, but especially of the fact that whoever touches the liquor business is irresistibly drawn into the whirl-pool of iniquity. I there saw that strong drink DEMORALIZES a man, however high he may be in office. It darts its venomous sting into his heart and poisons his whole soul, for it makes a MAN LIE, AND CHEAT, AND CURSE, AND VIOLATE ALL THE HIGHER LAWS OF HIS MORAL NATURE. Go and ask one of the respectable tipplers if he got strong drink at a certain drug store, and what will he say? What has many a one said? Many a man who for another thing would not lie for a \$100.00, has deliberately silenced his conscience, and trampling on all his better feelings, has uttered a truly black falsehood and that after kissing the Bible. Now if a business man of some standing in the commercial world, will under the dominant power of strong drink, lower himself to such a degree, as to class himself with murderers (Rev. 21. 8.) in the world to come, what a fiendish influence liquor must have over his morals. And knowing this effect on their conduct what a blinding fascination the accursed stuff must exercise over them, when they knowingly cling to it as if it were their life.

People say the churches are not doing much to sweep this abomination from our midst. I admit that they are not doing all they ought or all they might. But did you ever consider that while eleven ministers are preaching Life and Salvation, there are thirty nine persons dealing out death and damnation. That for every two ministers trying to stem the torrent, there are seven persons who are pouring the vile stuff all over the town?

People say the Council is not doing all it ought to do and might do, to support and push forward the work of stopping the sale of liquor. Surely this liquor fiend has not scorched such men as those? It cannot be that its blighting power has demoralized THEM? Nor can it be affirmed that they are ignorant of places where it is sold on the sly. I believe every one of them could walk almost blind-folded to a place where liquor is sold. They cannot plead ignorance as an excuse for their lethargy in the temperance reform. If they do, then all I have to say is, that men (appointed to protect our homes from the withering curse of strong drink) who can live in this town of five or six thousand persons, where 39 persons are selling liquor in violation of the Scott Act, and not know that fact, are not fit for their office, and ought to resign in favour of men who will do their duty to the people. But I fear it is not either of the above suggested reasons that retards them from actively doing their duty as Guardians of our homes, but it is more likely that political jealousies are at the bottom of their indifference. This man won't do his duty, because if he did, he would have to work in harmony with a man of the other political party. And so the same with the other side. And so it comes to pass, that men come before us with all sorts of plausible pleas why we should elect them to office, to an office that strictly concerns the well-being of our own town, and when they reach the point of their ambition, they distinctly set their faces against attending to the most vital part of their work, because in Dominion or Provincial politics they are at sword's points with each other. What has Ottawa or Halifax to do with the protection of my boy from the damning curse of the nineteenth century? That is a work for us who are here. And I assert that any man whose duty it is to chase out of our midst these sordid rumsellers, and will not do it because he will not co-operate with a fellow councillor of a different political party, has given one of the strongest reasons for the formation of a THIRD PARTY, who shall make everything bend to the extirpation of this great demoralizer of mankind everywhere.

Are the Doctors doing all they can to preserve our homes from the inroads of this great demoralizing curse? They have the power to do more good and more harm than any men in this town, in relation to the liquor traffic. By a dash of the pen, they can sign the death warrant of the best society young man in town. Or by withholding it, can save men from becoming physical and moral wrecks, and homes from becoming mad-houses. The doctor who writes a prescription for a man who does not need it medicinally, is more responsible for its effects on the drinker physically and morally, than any one else. Now the great question is, what is the relation between the liquor traffic and our doctors' morals? Has this fiend demoralized them? Has it influenced any of them to write out prescriptions for the sake of the fee, without regard to the moral ruin they may impose on the drinker? Or have they all hitherto been conscientious in obeying the letter of the law? One of the ways of finding out answers to these questions is to examine the books of the liquor agent, and see how many prescriptions were signed by this doctor, and how many were signed by that doctor, and then you can easily see if any, and how many of our medical men have become demoralized by this infernal power, the liquor traffic. I would not for anything cast reflections on those who are engaged in this noble work of the medical profession. After the ministry I have always been ambitious to be a doctor, and have always had a high opinion of the calling. In this question, what is the relation between the liquor traffic and our medical men, I am sorry to know that one or two of them are its avowed friends. That they do and have written prescriptions which have been drawn in distinct and determined violation of our Scott Act for the sake of the fee. One of these doctors will be cursed by many a dying drunkard, and at the judgment bar of the Almighty, he will have an awfully long list of charges read out against him, for having done in relation to the liquor traffic, that for which the damned in hell will have to suffer for ever.

What is the relation between the liquor traffic and the morals of our medical men? Last year the Agent sold twelve hundred dollars worth of spirituous and malt liquors. Does any medical man mean to assert that all that was absolutely necessary for medicinal purposes? If such an one dares to say so, I will prove from medical authorities of the highest scientific type, that he is profoundly ignorant of the character of strong drink, and of its real power to aid in the restoration of diseased bodies. If the best medical opinion pronounced \$1200.00 worth of liquors twelve times more than were absolutely necessary for medicinal purposes in a small locality like this, then it follows as a logical sequence, that some one or more of our doctors are guilty of aiding the extension of drunkenness, the violation of our local law, of making blood money out of the nefarious traffic, or that such are nothing more nor less than profound quacks. One doctor in this town lately said that, "If he did not write a prescription for the drinkers, some one else would, and that he might as well have the fee as another doctor." Now I say that medical man is demoralized by the liquor traffic, and ought to be proceeded against by our local authorities, and if he will not obey our law, but is determined to give bogus prescriptions for the sake of the fee, he ought to be drummed out of the town. Do our local authorities mean to tell me that they do not know of a doctor who is deluging the town with lying prescriptions? Who is making his office a gateway to hell for some of the kindest, and when sober, most considerate fathers and husbands in town? If they all declare themselves innocent of this fact, all I can say is that they tell a falsehood, for there is circumstantial evidence in the possession of a hundred people, that will prove that they must and do know there is such a man.

Are the druggists demoralized by the liquor traffic? If there is a business in town that ought to assist in keeping our Law concerning this liquor traffic, it surely is that of a druggist. I understand from a chemist's assistant that the profit on things sold by a druggist is so large, that some chemists do not care to sell things on which the profit does not range from 50 to 100 per cent. If this be so, surely they are the last in this town who are tempted by the profits on liquors to sell them. But are they all satisfied with the enormous profits their legitimate business brings them? When I have seen a poor ragged fellow charged with selling liquor, one is tempted to pity him, and I truly felt sorry for one the other day, when I heard the judge say, "Sir, you are fined \$50.00 and costs." But no such feelings can enter a man's heart when he hears of a druggist being fined \$50.00. For a man to turn his store into a saloon, who is in a business that makes the largest profit of any in town, deserves the severest public reprimand, and six months in gaol. Now I ask are any or all of our druggists demoralized by the liquor traffic. Are they violating the Scott Act? Are they

* This was the first year the present agent, but I am informed in correction of the above that last year his sales were \$993.40:

guilty of aiding the distillers and brewers in the manufacture of drunkards? Are they secretly supplying liquors to men who are the fathers and husbands of our homes? Have they no regard for the dear children who see their father come home full of the fiendish fire-water? Have they become callous to the interests of those noble women, who have been bruised and battered by their drunken husbands? Have their souls become so greedy for the Almighty dollar that they care not a fig what home goes to pieces so long as theirs is sumptuously furnished, and that with "blood money?" If it can be proved that those men whom I have seen wiping their moustache as they have come out of certain drug stores, have bought strong drink in there, then it is one of the saddest facts of the history of our town. And it is high time that we bestirred ourselves to use the means necessary for the suppression of such pseudo-drug stores.

I now ask are the well-to-do people doing their duty in helping forward the temperance reform? You "gentlemen" who can ride in your carriages, who have beautifully furnished homes, well clothed and highly educated sons and daughters, are YOU demoralized by this awful power? or are you by precept and example and money aiding the advance of the coming tide of temperance reform? I fear that some of you are verily guilty of tipling on the sly. Is it true that such respectable men as you go into certain places, and wink at the proprietor, as a sign that you want a drink? Can you be so unmanly as to do in a dark dirty rum hole, what you would blush to do before your family? Can it be that men of high commercial standing, as some of you are, encourage the sale secretly of that which you would not have your daughter drink for a thousand dollars? Has it come to pass, that when a man is tried for the illicit sale of rum, that you look on with sympathy for the culprit, and chuckle if the defendant can by some flaw in the law or the accusation, gain the day? Is it true that at the drunken brawl last evening, some of you sided with the drunkard, and opposed the officer of the law? Is it true that you well-to-do tipplers laughed in your sleeve when Joseph Burrill's windows were smashed and his horse cruelly disfigured, because of his faithfulness to his office? Is it true that many of you import cases of liquor, which you keep under lock and key in your house, and drink it on the sly when neither wife or children are near? If this be so, then I have almost lost faith in humanity. When the rich and the poor are banded to defeat the one object of the Scott Act, one is apt to lose heart and give up the struggle, and let sin work out its own destruction.

And now ye women, have you become demoralized by the liquor traffic? True there are some who like, and who take a glass of wine occasionally, but I hope these are very few. I do not know much of the drinking habits of women here, but I know of some lovely noble christian wives who have suffered martyrdom at the hands of drunken husbands and the scars of the sorrows will never be erased in time or eternity. As a whole, I think our women must bear a little blame, not for encouraging the sale of the accursed thing, but for doing so little to hinder it. You might do much more individually. Did you ever know where your husbands get liquor? On discovery could you not have done something to arrest the man who sold it? Come, do not fold your hands in utter helplessness, but in the strength of your God, band together and form a branch of the "Women's Christian Temperance Union," and help Joseph Burrill, and Judge Hilton, and Lawyer Pelton to chase this vile thing out of town, and make it a lasting disgrace to sell this body-killing and soul-damning fire-water.

Finally. The outlook for the future of our homes and children is cloudy. When Hotel-keepers vie with druggists as to who shall get most "blood money," when some of the crews of the "Alpha"

and the "City" have been competing in landing the largest quantity of rum; when the council are indifferent, and gentlemen import it to keep in their cellars, and some of the most respectable men will lie to shield the sellers of it, one must admit that the horizon is very dark. Thank God for a band of young christian men and women who are pledged to oppose the enemy through thick and thin. To these we must look. They are the hope of the church and the hope of our town. I think the time has come for the banding together of ALL our temperance people, and temperance workers, and our temperance lodges into ONE great CENTRAL temple or lodge, with simple and unobjectionable ceremonies of admission that are within the reach of all who desire to unite. The lodges have done a grand work in the past, but there seems to me just now the need of a little different kind of work from that which they are now doing. And so I think the true-hearted temperance leaders ought to call a grand meeting to discuss the present situation, and move onwards to do something more practical, and more substantial than simply meeting in session once a week. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Any man who dares to impute selfish motives to the preacher for delivering this sermon, is doing him a great injustice. Before God and this large assembly of persons, I hereby declare that this sermon has been preached for the sole purposes of awakening men to serious thoughtfulness over the downward trend of our town. To arouse in drinking husbands a degree of respect for that solemn vow which they made, when they declared that they would "Love her, comfort her, and honor her," whom they have so shamefully treated in their drunken bouts. To warn parents of the inevitable ruin their sons and daughters must come to, if they do not exercise more discretion and prudence in the degree of liberty they allow them after supper time. And to urge upon every christian man the importance of encouraging by precept, example, and money the absolutely necessary reform among the illicit venders in liquors. Praying is not much good in this work, if you will not put money into the prosecutor's hands to chase these disguised saloonists from our beautiful town. If any of the rum-sellers or rum-drinkers think me their enemy they are greatly mistaken. When I read that the Word of God pronounces a curse on him who "putteth the bottle to his neighbour's lips," I am doing a kindness in seeking to save the vendor of liquor from the awful eternity, which awaits the impenitent saloonist. When I read that no "drunkard shall enter into the kingdom of heaven," surely I am rendering an unquestionable favor to any drinker, when I strive to draw him away from that state, which debars from entrance into eternal blessedness. I know men who have cursed my name, because I am an enemy to their own greatest foe. But sirs, you curse a friend, whom you may yet have to thank God for in days of your future reform. Dear young men, do not gnash your teeth on me because I have exposed the many-sided evil of the liquor traffic. You know in your innermost heart that I love you, and have proved it again and again, both by my heart and my purse. And believe me, many of you will yet call on me with tear-filled eyes, and thank me for uttering a warning voice to you in the hour of your weakness and folly. But—but, and if, any man thinks he is doing his town a service by injuring me for my faithfulness to my God and my conscience; if any thinks that my life is not worth anything to this town and this world, he is welcome to take from me the little spark of life, that is reluctantly lingering in this feeble frame, **ONLY REMEMBER I SHALL MEET YOU AGAIN AT THE JUDGMENT SEAT OF THE ALMIGHTY CHRIST.**

P. S.—At close of this sermon, a second collection was taken, amounting to twenty dollars, for Scott Act prosecutions.